## DAILY EVENING STAR.

THE WIFE.

BY AGYES PERSON

It was the dead hour of night. The room was a high mainscotted apartment, with furni-ture of a rich but artique pattern. The pale moonlight streaming through the curtained window, and struggling with the subdued light of a candle placed in a corner, disclosed the figure of a sick man extended on a bed, wrapped in an unquiet elumber. By his side wrapped in an unquiet elumber. By his side ust a care-worn though still beautiful woman gazing apxiously on his face, and breathlessly awaiting the crisis of the fever—for it was now the ninth day times that strong man had been prostrated by the hand of disease, and during all that time he had raved in an incessant delirium. He had at length dropped into an unquiet alumber, broken at first by starts and moans, but during the last hour he had been less restless, and he now lay as still as a sculptured statue. His wife well knew that ere morning the crisis would be past, and she waited, with all a woman's affection, breathlessly for the event. Aye! though few women lessly for the event. Aye! though few women have been wronged as Emily Walpole land been wronged, she still oberished her husband's image, for he was, despite his evers, the lover of her youth.

Few girls had been saore admired then Emily Severn. But it was not only the beauty of her features and the elegance of her form which drew around her a train of worshippers: her mind was one of no ordinary cast, and the sweetness of her temper lent an ineffable charm to all she did. No one was so eagerly sought for at a ball or a pic-nic as Emily Severn, and at her parental fireside she was the universal favorite. It was long before she loved. She was not to be misled by glitter or show. She could only bestow her affections where she thought they were deserved, and it was not until she met Edward Walpole that she learned to surrender her

beart.
Edward Walpole, when he became the husband of Emily Sovern, was apparently all that a woman could wish. He was warm-hearted, of a noble coul, kind, gentle, and ever ready to waive his owneolish gratification at the call of duty. But, alas! he had one weakness, he did duty. But, alas! he had one weakness, he did not act from principle. His generous deeds were the offspring of a warm heart rather than of a regulated intellect. As yet he had never been placed incircumstances which severely tried his principles. But, about a year after his mar-riage, he fell heir to the large property of a maiden sunt, and at once his whole style of maiden sunt, and at once his whole style of life was altered. His accession of wealth brought him into contact with society in which hitherto he had never mingled, where the polish of factitions politeness often hides the most deprayed morals. Above all by abandoning his profession, he condemned himself to comparative idleness. He now began to be cortued by small, and sought any actions to page away the time. The hardest who is feature acciety, which with the approximate of gentlemen, have the hearts of disadt, how marked him for their prey; and his open and generous nature made him their victim in a comparative short space of time. We shall not trace his downtheir prey; and his open and generous nature made him their victim in a comparative short space of time. We thall not trace his downward progress. It is always a melaucholy task to make the lapse from virtue of a noble and generous character, and how much more so when the heart of a wife is to be broken by the dereliction from rectitude.

Emily saw the gradual aberration of her usband, and though she mourned the cause, husband, and though she mourned the cause, no weak of reproach escaped her lips, but by every gentle means she strove to bring back, her husband to the paths of virtue. But a satality seemed to have seized him. He was in a whiripool from which he could not extricate himself. He still loved his wife, and more than once, when her looks cut him to the heart, he made an effort to break loose from his associates; but they always found means to bring him back ere long. Thus a year passod. His fortope began to give way, for he had learnt to gamble. As his losses became more frequent his thirst for cards became greater, until at length he grew sullen and demonster. and desperate. He was now a changed man. He no longer felt compandion at the weongs inflicted on his sweet wife, but if her sad looks touched his heart at all they only stung him into undeserved reproaches. He was become harsh and violent. Yet his poor wife endured all in silence. No recrimination passed her lips. But in the solitude of her chamber she shed many a bitter tear, and often, at the hour of midnight, when her bushand was far away in some riotous company, her prayers were heard ascending for him.

Two years had now elapsed, and the lost one had been a year of bitter sorrow to Emily.

At length her husband came heme one night
an almost ruined man. He had been stripped at the gambling table, of every cent of his property over which he had any control, and he was now in a state almost approaching to madness. Before morning he was in a high fever. For days he raved incessently of his ruin, cursing the wretches by whom he had been plundered. Nine days had passed and the crisis was at hand.

The cleck struck twelve. As sound after cound rung out on the stillness and died away in echoes, reverberating through the house, the sick mar moved in his sleep, until, when the last stroke was given, he opened his eyes and looked languidly and vacantly around. His gaze almost instantly met the face of his For a moment his recullection, could be seen struggling in his countenance, and at length an expression of deep mental suffering settled in his face. His wife had by this time risen and was now at his bedside. She saw that the crisis was past, and as she laid her band in his, and felt the moisture of the skin, she knew that he would recover. Tears of joy gushed from her eyes and dropped on the sick man's face.

"Heavenly father, I thank thee!" she murmured at length, when her emotion suffered her to speak, while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheek, "be is safe he will recover," and though she ceased speaking, her lips still moved in silent prayer,

she was even now praying for him, and as he recalled to mind the wrongs which he had in-flicted on that uncomplaining woman, his heart was melted within him. There is no chastener like sickness; the most stony bosom chastener like sickness; the most stony obsain softens beneath it. He thought of the long days and nights during which he must have been ill, and when his insulted and abused wife had watched auxiously at his bedside. Oh! how he had crashed that noble heart; and now this was her return! She prayed for him who had wrouged her. She shed tears of joy because her arring husband had been restored, as it were, to life. These things rushed through his bosom and the strong man's eyes filled with tears.

"Emily—dear Emily," he said, "I have been a villain, and can you forgive me? I deserve it not at your hands—but can you,

will you forgive a wretch like me?"

"Oh! can I forgive you?" sobbed the grateful wife, "yes! yes! but too gladly. But it is not against me you have sinued, it is against a good and rightfous God."

"I know it—I know it," said the repentant

husband, "and to his mercy I look. I cannot pray for flyself, but oh! Emily pray for me. He has preserved me from the jaws of death.

Pray for me, dear Emily"
The wife knelt at the bedside, and while the husband, exhausted by his agitation, sank back with closed eyes on the pillow, see read the noble petition for the sick, from the book of Common Prayer. At times the sobsof Emly would almost choke her utterance, but the holy words she read had at length, a soothing effect both on her mind and that of her hus-When the prayer was over, she remained for several minutes kneeling, while her husband murmured at intervals his heart-felt responses. At length she rose from the bed-side. Her husband would again have spoken, to be seech her forgiveness. But with a glad feeling at her heart—a feeling such as she had not had for months—she enjoined silence on him, and sat down again by his bedside to watch. At length he fell again into a calm slumber, while the now happy wife watched at his bedside until morning, breathing thanksgivings for her busband's recovery, and shed

ding tears of joy the while.
When the sick man awoke at daybreak, he was a changed being. He was now convalescent, he was more, he was a repentant man. He wept on the bosom of his wife, and made resolutions of refermation which, after his recovery, through the blessings of God, he was enabled to foibl.

. The fortune of Walpolo was mostly gone but sufficient remained from its wrecks, to allow him the comforts, though not the lux uries of life. He soon settled his affairs and removed from his splendid mansion to a quest cottage in a neighboring village. The only pang he folt was at leaving the home which for so many years had been the dwelling of the head of his family—the home where his anche had died, and which had been lost only through

his own folly. Neither Walpole nor his wife ever regretted their loss of fortunes for both looked upon it in the means used by an over-ruling Provi-dance to bring the husbanu back to the path of rectitude; and they referred to it therefore with feelings rather of gratitude than of rewhich they had been strangers in the days of their opulencs. A family of lovely children spring up around them, and it was the daily task of the partner to educate these young minds in the path of duty and rectifued. Oh! the happy hours which they enjoyed in that white, vine-embowered cuttage, with their children smiling around them, and the consetousness of a well regulated life, filling their hearts with pence.
Years rolled by and the hair of Walpole be-

gan to turn gray, while the brow of his sweet wife showed more than one wrinkle, but still their happiness remained undiminished.

HINTS ON PAPER HANGING .- " Many a fever has been caused by the herrible nuisance covered that the skiff I had seen there at of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed-sun down was gone a but as I knew that the rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is a pare wash't more'n up to my arms, I did of on waking in the morning, in such a case, not care much, and so I, waded off to the boun should come the whole paper at any ty real swingers. cost or inconvenience, for it is an evil which. My pillow cas allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off-that airing the room well in the day, and barning some pungent thing or other, at night, in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and ther an kneident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness, Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which perfaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently occurred, and that repeatedly, with a putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found i mass of old papers an inch thick, stuck together with their layers of size and exhibiting a spectacle with which we will not sicken our readers by describ-ing.—Dickens' Housekold Words.

FOR RENT, the Store-house, with dry goods fixtures, on Pennsylvania avenue, between 7th and 8th streets, lately, occupied by Yerby & Miller.
For particulars enquires of "YERBY & MILLER, Miss Dermott's building, corner of 7th st. and Penn.

THE SNAKE AND CROCODILE. - The following thrilling account of an engagement between a bea constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal and everything could be seen in the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful app of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mis-

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped upon the snake, which fell with a splash juto the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of the tree, but a battle immediately commeuced in the water.' The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water ball by his furious contortions. Winding his folds round the body, of his antegonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the

The water was speedly tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They are and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes, silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along

the back, the head hung lifeless in the water The crocodile also was still, and though only the spine of his back was visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, burled it at the spe. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the bead, he was instantly tipped over and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him shore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

## A KNOP OF BEL-GRASS.

DY CHARLES CLEWLINE.

The Oswego river isn't navigable far up; for It is out off, by a bridge about half a mile from the lake, and a mile further up it is cut off oy a dam.

Between this bridge and the dam there is a rift, which is a famous place for catching fish in prears, bilt out into the middle of the river, in form like a T, with the fork in the stream, and down to the lower end there is a crib into which the water and fish run, pitching down a little fail of about three feet, and then as the grib is built of slats, the water

wego at four pener. But, some how, buying cels, even if we gut them for nothing, did'nt suit me, and I determined to steal a few of

them wears up there.

I told Mrs. Were, the young widow that I boarded with, what I was going at; and I reckon she was up to them games, for she furnished me with a pillow-use to bag my game and two pairs of woolen mittens to me in nobbing the slippery costomers; and thus armed and equipped I set out on my midnight coling expedition.

When I came abrest of the wear. I diswear, where I tound and bagged about twen-

My pillow case was nearly full, and I was just about to get under weigh for home, when the great-grandaddy of all cels came walloping down into the water. I pitched into him, but my mitters had getso slippery, with the slime of captured cels, that I could not hold him a second. There we had it, for about ten minutes-up and down, over and under, slip slop-till at last, I got mad, and making a desperate dire for the old fellow. I got his head into my mouth, andfaugh! what a taste, as teeth crunched through and through his head until they met, and the hig cel dropped quietly down leaving part of his cut-water, bit off somewhere about the eyes, in my mouth. I spit it out quicker, and about 1 my inside "fixins" with it. Wasn sick? For about twenty minutes I tried to turn myself wrong side out like a

stocking; and then pillow-eased the old eel, waded ashore, and passed for home as if I had swallowed a land crab, and been ridden for mouths by a double and twisted attack

of Maunice fever. Next merning, before I turned out, I heard the little "widder" singing out in the back cutry, where I'd slung my big of eels-

"O, Charley! Charley! come here quick!" Well, I did; and, as I'm a live sinner, there on the floor, among the cels, and the biggest of them all, was a thundering great black water snake, with his nose bit off just about the eyes.

Those two pigs in the back yard bad an eel breakfast that morning, and Clewline swore an oath never to go wading about in the night after other peoples' eels again. [Carpet Bag.

Simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight-up-and-down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over,vices, tricks and stratagems in the long run, as a good equere tretting-horse has over a prancing pony or racker, that goes his mile WRECK AND RUIN.

A Seeme in the Bay of Naples.

In October, 1848, I went over to the Island of Capri, some twenty miles from Naples, to enjoy a rustic festival. Our party consisted of some Englishmen and some Italians. The latter being in the service of the Govern-ment, had a fixed time laid-to their leave of absence. When the morning arrived that was appointed for the departure of our Italian friends, we accompanied them to the shore, where they made their arrangements for the passage back to the mainland. There was a strong west and by south wind roaring round the Island, and the sea looked dangerous; but in Naples, where there is no career for a young man out of Government employ, an official must not trifle with his post. The preparations, therefore, for the launching of the boat went on.

It was one of those wide bottomed boats, commonly used in the port of Naples, upon which the gran ger starts out for moonlight row to Posillippo, or betakes himself with his portmanteau and his carpet-bag, or with his wife and her pill-bex fall of a few things to the steamer. Such boats are not made for riding on a stormy sea. The men preparing to put out that morning were our two friends, the officials, and two boatmen. One of the passengers was hailed by the Captain of a good atong bark upon the point of starting. "Come with us, Raffel-luccio: it will be madness to sail out in that cockleshell through such a sea."

Rafficiluccio, a delicate youth, replied mat he was no coward. He had come in the boat, and might go back in the boat, with the Madona's blessing. The other passenger was a stout black bearded man, and the two bon-men were a youth and a weather beaten sailor from the port of Naples.

The little harbor at Capri, is so shel-

tered from certain, winds that there is often a deceptive smoothness in its waters. It was only by looking out to sea, that one detected, on that wild Of the morning how the water wriched under the torture of the wind. Far as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with those smaller storm waves, called in the phrase of the country pecore. These, as the day advanced, swelled into great billows, (cavalloni) which came rolling on upon our little island, and dashed violently against the coast of Massa and Serento.

Tue boat had been shoved off, and had re turned for some article, left accidentally beliind. A group of weather-wise old sailers. thronged about the fool-hardy crew in vain urging them to wait for fairer weather; but they put out to sea again, and-made strait for the cape, under the summer palace of Tiberius. This is a well known point, which boatmen often seek whon they desire to catch a direct wind for their passage to the mainland. The gale that had been blowing round the island, appeared to pour out from this point its undivided force, and beat the sea with a strength almost irresistable. We saw the mast of the little boat snap the moment it had reached the cape, and the crew put back not to await calmer weather, but to seek another temporary must, and start again. No threat or persuasion could detain the Italiaus, who feared to exceed their term of leave. A rude must was set up, and again the boat started, leaping across wave after weve. We saw no more of it. "I watched it for some distance," said the captain of the bark, which had started at the same time -" Their mast bent as though it would break at every puff of wind, and the little sail fluttered like a handkerchief upon the waves. Lu-a moment it disappeared, and we knew that our foreboding had proved true." The rest of the tale I had from the lips of the black-bearded official, the sole surviver: and a wilder tale of human passion does not often fall within the bounds of sober truth.

The old mariner at starting had been placed at the helm, as the most competent man of the party; but there was an alarming difference between the eddies, currents and biliows at the Cape, and the smooth waters of the Bay of Naples. A monstrous cantllone appeared in the distance, leaping, roaring, foaming. It was close upon their quarter. its crest overhung them; and in an instant, said my informant, they were swallowed up. The boat was overturned, but the crew struggling desperately for life—rose with it once more to the surface, clinging to its bot tom. In their last agony they glared upon each other, face to face, among the beaung waves, and the loud execrations of his companions were poured passionately on the ancient marriner, whose want of skill was cursed as the fatal cause of their despair. The hold of the poor old follow, weak with age and faint with emotion, had not strength enough to bear up amid the tossing of waters, and as his grasp relaxed, the others watched his weakness with a fiendish satisfac tien. "It is some consolation," exclaimed one, "to see you die first, fool as you are." He did not hear the latest maledictions, but went down in the deep sea.

The next who died was Raffaelluccio, up on whose daily work the daily bread of a mother and three children depended: "I am still with cold, and can hang on no longer," he said to his companion. "Get on my shoul-ders," was the answer of the stronger man; and so he did, and so he died, the living man with the dead weightupon him, grappling still for life, and drifting before the storm. young boatman, the other surviver, trembling himself upon the brink of eternity, crept round to the dead body, and having robbed it of a watch and chain, and other valuables, pushed it from the shoulders of his friend into

pushed it from the shoulders of his friend into the sea. So there only remained these two men, clinging to the beat and gazing on each other anxiously.

The thought had crossed the mind of the young man that if they lived until they should be thrown ashore, the surviving passenger would require that he should 'deliver up the watch and other valuables to the family of Raffaelluccio. He may not have taken thom that the dead body cumbered his companion, and committed it from a good human motive to the sea, having removed the jewelry. But to retain possession of the property, The sick man felt the tears on his face, he best wife's grateful emotion, he knew that

BERMUDA ARROW ROOT - A very supe or two like the mischief, and is done for the motive to the sea, having removed the jew-rest of his journey.

BY THE EVANS.

his conscience did not bid him shripk from murder, of which no eye of man would ever see the stain. An unexpected blow would selence his companion, and leave him on the boat to drift to land, a sole survivor, quietly made richer by the wreck. "I read it in his eyes," said my informant. "The devil was in them, and I watched him well; but a happy sea raised his side of the boat—the his opportunity; and immediately he struck a heavy blow upon my head. If he was the younger I was the stronger, and he summoned me to strugglefor my life, or for that chance of life which either of us had

upon the gulf of waters. There was a horrible wrestling. I am the only survivor.

"All that day, and through a starmy, pitch dark night, I lay tossed about, almost-senseless, in the Bay of Naples. But before dawn on the second day my book was continued. dawn on the second day, my boat was cast ashore at Torredell' Annunziata, and there locked between two rocks. I had just strength to crawl to the Coast-guard house. in which I perceived that lights were twinkling. I was spurned. My papers were demanded.

"Faint as I was, in time I found it possible to make the good officials understand my case, and excuse the production of oredentialsfrom the fishes. They took me'n and treated me with Christian kindness. At dooks had frightened them—my face we like do and my eyes protruded like those of lister."

The mother of Raffaelluccio was living in

Capri, and I was there when the news came back of her son's fate. In the darkness of an October night, the ruined family—the bereaved mother and her daughters—mounted to their house-top, and turning towards the sea, shricked wildly for the sea and brother whom it held from them.

The voice of wee that then thrilled in my ears will never be forgotten. I never knew till then what agony could be, not expressed only, but communicated by the wail of women-

GREAT MEDICAL DICOVERY!

WITH such testimony, no stronger proof can be given on, unless it be trial of this weilderful Hampton's Lot the shireted read! read!

Let the afficted read! read!

BARRELIVILE, ALLEGAY COUNTY, (Md.)

May 4, 1821.

To Messre. Mortimer of Movelings:

DEAN Sigs: In julice to Dr. Hampton's Vegetable Tinceture, I wise to be form you that I was taken sick on the 5d day of January last, with an affection of the stomach, bowers, and kidneys, I was attended by four eminent physicians for more than two months—all to lattle or no effect. I had some knowledge of the great virtue in Hampton's Ticture from one bottle which my wife had taken two years sin e.

I came to the conclusion that I would take no more moderne from my physicians, but try the Tincture, and I am happy to inform you I had not takes it two days before t felt its powerful influence, upon my somach. I have continued using the Thicture, and san new are to leave my room, and can eat anycommon digt without much Theonyonience or pressure on my semach.

thet without much Theoryonience or pressure on my stemach.

The afflicted or their friends are daily visiting me, to legan or the great virtue there is in this Theorite of Hampton's.

1 \* xpect to send you several certificates in a fewdays—one capecially from a young lady who has been qualitied to her room twelve mouths, with a disease of the head, affecting the brain.

Respectfully yours,

E. W. HALL

On the permaney of the cure hear him. Still another letter from the above!

letter from the above!

Barrellville, Allegary County, (Md.,)
October 13, 1852.

Mesers. Mortimer of Membray?

Bear aims: I am happy to inform you that this day finds me in the enjoyment o good health, by the use of your limination's lineiure and the blessing of God. I am enabled to pursue my daily a rocations as usual, and I have a great desire that the anticardebould know the great cura ive powers of the Tincture.

I am with respect, yours, E. W. HALL.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURES made by Hampton a Vegota de Tincture on our most re-pestalle cid-rene-nuen well known and tried-we challenge the world to show anything on record in medicina te-spond it. Many hundreds who have felt its healing process uses the same testimong.

Mesers, Mortimer d' Moudray : Garden, July 6, 1:62. Mesers, Mortimer de Movebruy: Gents: Lust September I was attached with sryst-ens. from which a dreadful u cer formen on any right leg. Setting better of this, last November I took a deep cold, which led to what my physician told me was billous pleurisy, which left me with a constant, deeply sented, and paintal cough, larings no rest day or eight, and canatantly throwing up from my days a thick matter. I became much emacated, growing weakse every day, and keeping my bed the greater part of the cine, My friends thought I had the constantpoin, and at three I was also of the same opinion. At this stage of my disease, after having tried many and various semeday, without success, a friend many and various semedors, without success, a friend advanced me to try too. HAMITTON'S VEGGTABLE FINCURE, and presented me bottle, which I now promung the greatest modifier fever took. Before I had take half the contents of one bottle I felt much impress; and now, having taken but two better, my count to act not to business. I can truly say that with tab biassing of God. I have been restored to the health I now enjoy by the use of this most invaluable medicine. Yours, Schroeder, near Surators street.

Schroeder, near Saratoga street.

Mr. J. E. Boush-Deur Sir: Whi e I am in general opposed to fatent Medicines; candor compels me to state that I have great considence in the virtues of Hampton's Veretchile Tincture. For several months past I have used it in my family, and in Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, obzainess, and capital deblifty, with entire success. So far as my experience extends, therefore, I take pleasure in recommending it to the afflicted as a rafe and encient remedy.

For saie by C. Stott & Co., Washington, D. C.
Wallace Elliet, cor. F and 12th ata.
D. B. Clarke, cor. F and 12th ata.
J. Wimer, 6th st., mear Louisians av.
McIntre's, cor. I and 7th st.
Gray & Ballantyne, 7th st., near E.
R. S. T. Clasell, Georgetown.
C. C. Betry, Alexandria, Va.
And by Praggists generally, everywhere.
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THE thousands who are suffering with any Neavous Affections, will find immediate relief in using this womerful Company. It cures Neuralgia, Heart Discare, Papitation, Heartturn, Nervous Head-ache, Tremor of the Muscles or Flesh, Wakefullness, and all restlessness of the mind or body; whether worn down by care, labor, or study.

bor, or study
This truly wonderful Medicine, from its peculiar hap-